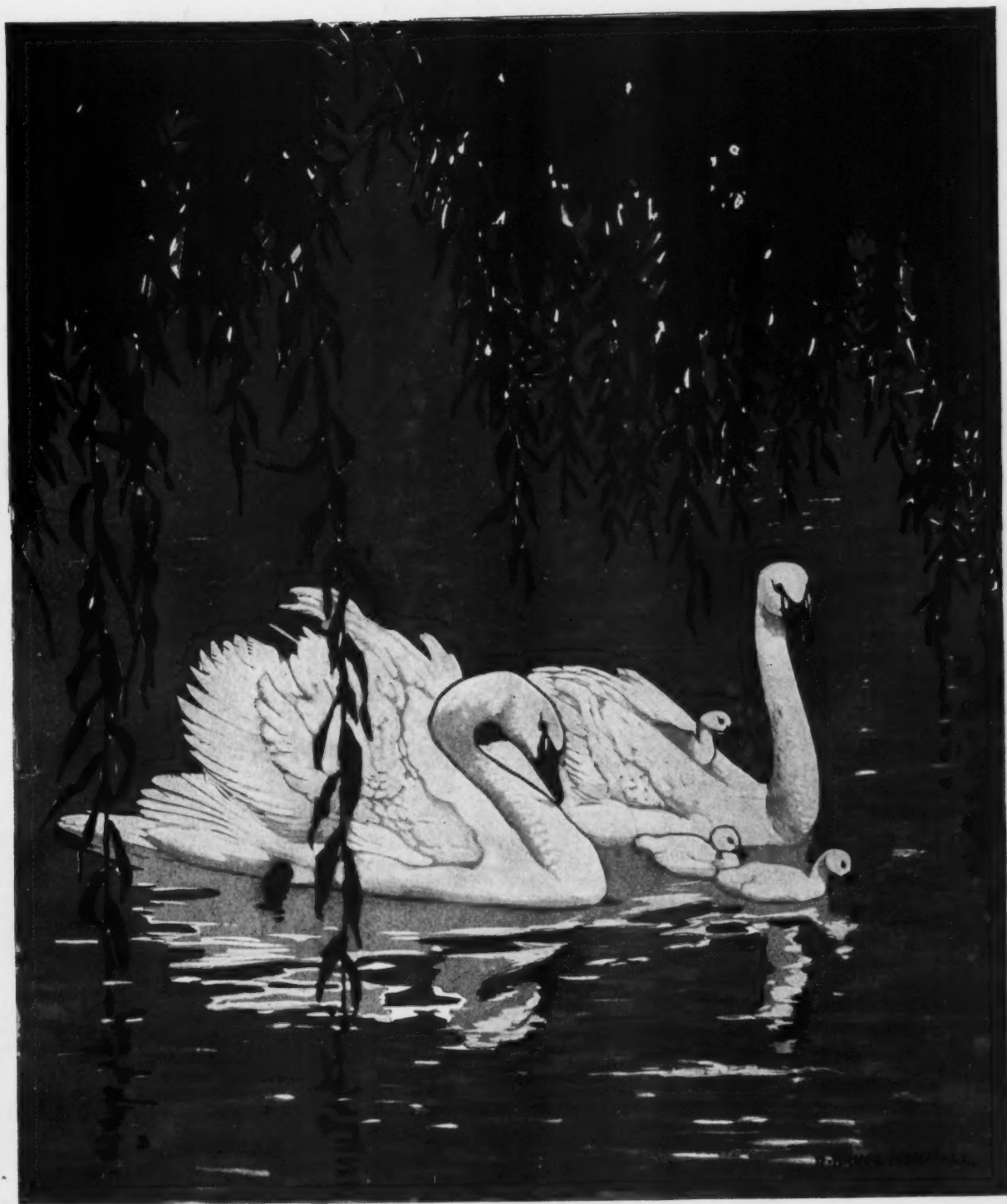


American
JUNIOR RED CROSS
April 1936 **NEWS** *"I Serve"*





The Tale of the Cottontails

JESSIE M. DOWLIN

Decoration by Marie Abrams Lawson

THE first Brown Mother Rabbit
On a lovely summer night,
Took her children out a-hopping
In the dusk of late twilight.

She hopped so very quickly
That her rabbit children said,
"We can not see you, Mother,
When you hop so far ahead."

They cried, till Mother Rabbit
Hopped beside and told them, "Hark!
We'll have to have some lanterns
For our hopping in the dark."

She took some pitch from pine trees,
And dandelions gone to seed,
And said, "Now these, my children,
Are the lanterns that we need."

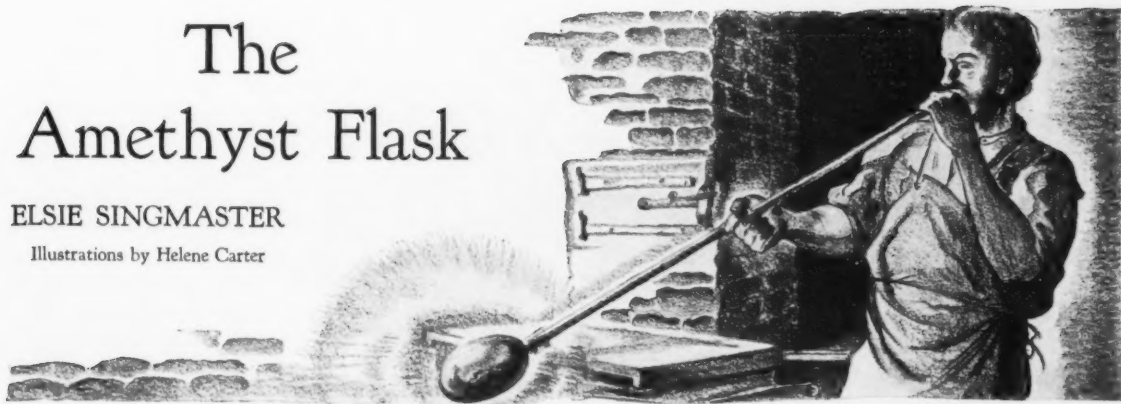
On dandelion cotton
The pine tree pitch she spread,
On each wee tail of rabbits
Stuck a dandelion head.

So now the tails of rabbits
Look like dandelion fluff,
And they find white cotton lanterns
Give them hopping light enough.

The Amethyst Flask

ELSIE SINGMASTER

Illustrations by Helene Carter



I AM very old, older than the United States. Though I'm a little less than six inches high, a thousand dollars changed hands when I was bought by my present owner.

You may think that I'm a precious stone but I'm not; I'm a bottle of amethyst colored glass meant to hold perfume. I have various imperfections—one shoulder is higher than the other and the diamond pattern on my sides is irregular and there's a rough spot on my base.

The first settlers in America brought their glass from England. They stretched oiled paper in their windows or they used mica which they called "isinglass." A resident of Pennsylvania made this funny verse about the windows:

"The window glass is often here
Exceeding scarce and very dear;
So that some in this way do take
Isinglass windows for to make."

The colonists soon spun and wove their clothing, they made iron, they molded everyday dishes out of clay. Glass making, however, is much more difficult than weaving cloth or moulding iron or clay, and for a long time no one was successful.

The man who made me was the second to succeed. His name was Henry William Stiegel and he came to Pennsylvania from Germany in a ship called the *Nancy*. He had nothing to call his own but a clever, active mind, and many ambitious plans. Soon he was far up in Lancaster County helping to run a furnace. In the end he owned two furnaces, one called "Elizabeth Furnace," the other "Charming Forge."

To make iron was not his dream; his dream was to make glass, and this he started to do in the settlement of Manheim in Lancaster County. In a factory with a domed roof, in pots of hardest clay, he melted sand, which is the chief in-

gredient of glass, and added other minerals and lovely coloring. He made window glass, flasks for wine and perfume, goblets, pitchers, sugar bowls, salt cellars, carafes, jelly dishes, and also some toys. In the shop in Lancaster where I stayed so many years there was a tiny horse made of glass which was sold for a penny.

Some of the vases and bowls had the natural color of glass, some were the clearest sapphire blue and emerald green and amber. I am, as I told you, amethyst, a shade of purple, one of the loveliest colors in the world.

Henry William grew more and more proud of his beautiful work. He dressed grandly, he had a coach drawn by magnificent horses. He built a tower, and when he came home from a journey a band played on the tower. Presently people began to call him "Baron," but he never used this title except on the stoves at his forge. Into these were cast German words which mean, "Baron Stiegel is the man who can cast stoves." Someone has translated it:

"Baron Stiegel is the cove
That can cast your iron stove."

I was made in a queer way. A young workman thrust a long tube into a pot of molten glass and drew it out with a large drop clinging to the tip. He blew through the other end, and I expanded exactly like a little balloon. He inserted me, still fastened to the tube, into an iron mold and blew again. When he drew me out I had ridges on my sides. He broke me off the tube—that is why my bottom is rough—took iron pincers and pinched the soft ridges into diamonds just as your mother would smock a dress. Then he set me aside to cool and harden.

For a long time I stayed in the factory at Manheim. Poor Stiegel couldn't sell his glass; he lost his coach and horses, and no bands played when, tired and footsore, he came home to Man-

heim. He lost his forges, and finally creditors took his glass factory from him.

When people came to the factory, they could talk of but one thing—war. There was a battle not very far away on Brandywine Creek and the people in Manheim feared that the British might come and sack the village.

The children rather looked forward to this. "Then how the glass will crack!" they said.

When the war was over, I and hundreds of my fellow bottles and vases and dishes were taken to a store in Lancaster. More and more men were making glass, but while the new shapes were more perfect, no one could match our colors. Customers looked at us and turned away, or picked us up and set us down. Sometimes they said, "Crooked old thing!" or, "I'll give you a shilling for the whole batch."

We grew sadder and more dust-covered. If I could have wept I would have done so, but that was impossible—the only sound I could produce was a sweet tinkling when my neighbor was jostled against me. Fortunately, I could look a little way down the street to the tavern and watch the coaches come and go, and see lovely ladies in hoop skirts and gentlemen in knee breeches, and sometimes an Indian and his squaw and papooses.

One day there entered a tall young man with a girl clinging to his arm. He was as straight as any Indian. Her eyes were brown, and inside the wreath of pink roses which faced her bonnet I could see brown curls. The young man stopped before a counter on which stood the bride-boxes, and pointed to one with his riding-whip. The bride-boxes, made of thin wood and painted with flowers, were a special gift for a groom to give his bride.

"That's the prettiest, isn't it, dearest?" he said.

"What happiness to belong to her!" I thought.

"See the perfume bottle, darling," she cried.

"I could distil perfume from rose leaves and spices!"

The young man lifted me down instantly. "Dust it off," said he to the shop-keeper. "We'll have the chemist fill it."

Sometimes in the bride-box, sometimes held in a soft hand against a soft cheek, I journeyed toward the setting sun—he, she, and I, all on one horse. We lived in the deep forest and when a long time afterward a young girl came to own me she was so like her mother that it seemed to me she had owned me always.

It is hard for me to count time, and I can't tell how many years had passed when there came another war. I lived in a large house where there were young girls. We heard that the soldiers were coming — "Johnnies," the girls called them.

"What will we do with our things?" they asked excitedly. "Where will we hide them? Where will we

hide the smoked hams—all our summer meat?"

They put the hams into the bottom of the huge wood-box in the kitchen, and with them their treasures—a few pieces of silver.

"And grandma's bottle," cried their mother. And into a dark, smoke-scented corner I went. The girls piled the top with wood, they put on the last stick as the first soldiers came down the road. Some of the soldiers turned in; the house became the headquarters of a general. For three days the girls kept the wood-box piled high. As soon as the soldiers took off half-a-dozen sticks, there was a girl with an armful.

"We didn't expect to find such kindness among the Yankees," said the Johnnies.

When the thunder of battle was over and the soldiers gone, all except the poor dead boys in the fence-corners, the girls' mother took me in her hands. "How well I remember grandma telling me about her bride-box and her perfume bottle! The bride-box was broken long ago. I'll get a new cork and keep camphor in the bottle. Camphor's good for colds."

Now I entered upon a time of peril! My owner handled me tenderly, but I was not handled tenderly by all the many children who presently belonged to the lively girls who had kept the wood-box filled for the Johnnies. When grandmother was upstairs, her camphor was down; when she was down, her camphor was up. "Get my camphor, Lucy!" she would say. "Get my camphor, Mark!"



I am very old, older than the United States

Downstairs I plunged and upstairs I tumbled. Still I survived, my slender neck intact, my diamonds unchipped. We moved to town; we had two horses and a carriage, then an automobile.

Strangers stopped at the house. "We hear that you have beautiful old furniture," they said. "Will you let us see it?"

"Certainly," answered some member of the family, proudly.

"I hear"—when this question was asked my heart almost stopped beating—"I hear you have a Stiegel bottle—may we see it?"

"There it is."

I had lived for some time behind glass doors—I understood that I was too precious to be touched.

"Will you sell it?"

"Oh, no! It was my great-grandmother's; one of her wedding presents from her husband."

"Will a hundred dollars tempt you?"

"No."

Soon I heard the words "two hundred," then "five," but the answer was for a long time, "No."

One day a gentleman came who had visited me many times. Again there had been martial music and marching. The family had consisted of two persons—my owner and her son, but the son was gone—I heard my mistress talk of France, and when she talked she cried. The automobile had vanished like Henry William's horses; the piano was as silent as his tower.

The stranger had a very persuasive voice. In his hand he held a pen and a little book. "The flask will go to the museum," he promised. "It will always be taken care of. Its history will be recorded. Set your own price."

"It isn't the price." I seemed to hear the voice which I heard long, long ago in the shop at Lancaster, only now it was a weeping voice. "But I haven't anybody to leave it to."

"Wouldn't it be sensible to let me have it?"

My owner held me against her cheek. It was just as soft as the cheek against which I had

been held so long, long ago. Then she laughed. "I'm certain that I fell downstairs with it twenty times when it held my grandmother's camphor."

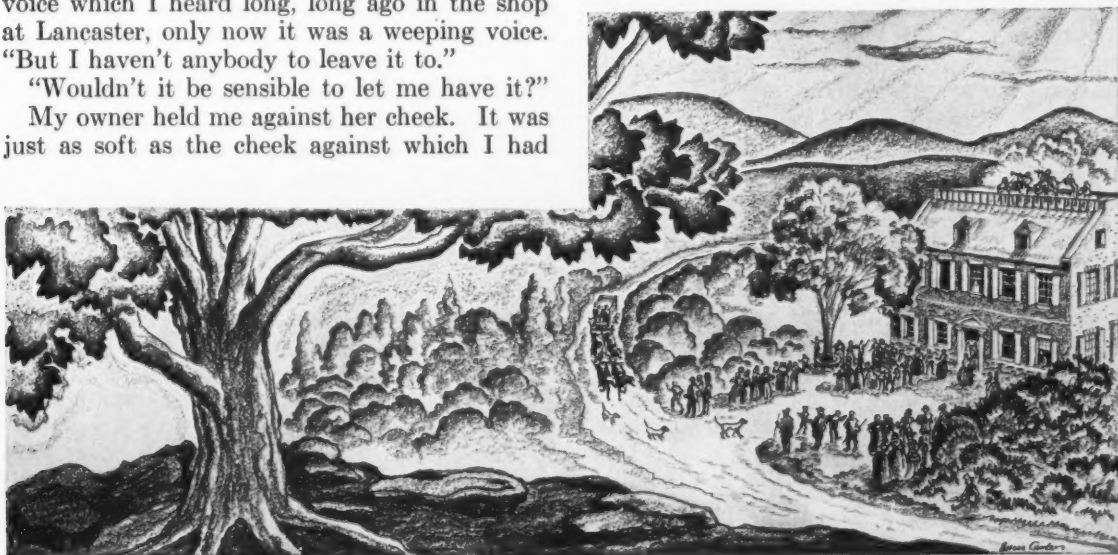
"I'll set the price then," said the stranger. "A thousand dollars."

Now here I stand on a shelf in a magnificent building. I can see the glint of sun on a wide river. Not far away it flows into the Delaware near where young Henry William landed from the ship *Nancy*. Behind me is plate glass strengthened by wire and moulded into it. How interested Henry William would be in that invention! On the shelf with me is an amethyst bowl, on the shelf above are flasks and a pitcher of sapphire blue. Beneath are flasks of green and amber and on the lowest shelf of all are pieces of clear glass, etched and enameled.

Each of us has a tale to tell. The green flask beneath me was dug up in a garden near where the old glass factory used to stand. Men sifted the soil, and when they found a colored fragment as big as the end of a finger they cheered as though it were a gold doubloon. My neighbor feels that the iridescence which long burial has given to his sides is an additional beauty; I consider it a serious defect.

I watch all the world go by. The intelligent and charming people say, "What lovely color!" or they merely breathe a long "Ah!" The ignorant say, "What queer old glass! I wouldn't give a penny for it!" Sometimes the gentleman who bought me comes and lifts us down one by one. It is no secret that he holds me the longest.

I am very proud. I believe that I shall stand here till the end of time. I am certain that there is nothing more beautiful or valuable in all the world.





Maarta went out of doors

The Storm That Brought Happiness

LESLIE G. CAMERON

Illustrations by Edna Potter

WITH other villagers, through a misty dawn, Maarta and Jan went to the wharf. A sailing fishing-fleet always leaves behind it anxious days and fear-haunted nights. Maarta and Jan said a solemn good-by to their father.

When fog hid the departing boats, the brother and sister returned to their home on the dyke, ate their breakfast of black bread and coffee, and Jan went to school. Then sixteen-year-old Maarta, like a true Holland woman, scrubbed the house. She made the beds afresh. These were shelves built inside wall cupboards and hidden during the day with curtains. She cleaned every floor tile, polished the *doofpot*, and stacked blocks of peat in the fireplace for future burning.

When the house shone as if it were new, Maarta went out of doors, and sitting on her heels to keep from crushing her many and full skirts, mended a shirt for Jan. Near her in Vanveek's rare sunshine, a bed of red, yellow, pink and lavender tulips made a glorious splash of color. The petals of the lavender ones were ruffled as if they had frills for trimming.

Maarta's thoughts were troubled. The next time the fleet sailed, thirteen-year-old Jan must take his place in the boat, and Maarta knew her

brother hated the thought of being a fisherman. Once when the fleet came in, instead of running to the wharf to help unload the baskets of fish, Jan had sat on the dyke drawing a picture of the boats. And again one day Jan had skated all the way to Rotterdam just to look at pictures in the museum. Maarta would never forget her father's displeasure. He had called Jan a time-waster and an idler.

Later the fisherman's anger had melted. He drew both children to him, and between long puffs on his pipe, told them of their mother's death. Twelve years before, returning from the village inn one evening, with his accordion under his arm, he had found his wife lying outside the cottage. Evidently she had slipped while trying to fasten a window shutter, and in falling, her head had struck against the doorstone. No one knew how long she had lain there, for she never spoke after he found her, and in two days she had died. Then he burned his accordion, and thereafter tried to be both mother and father to his children, and to provide well for them by never wasting a moment.

Sewing busily, Maarta sighed. She remembered that the night of their father's talk, she was awakened by a glow in the fireplace. Jan

was burning the drawing-pad, pencils and gummy eraser that a tourist in Rotterdam had given him. They were his dearest treasures, and Maarta had buried her face in her pillow and cried. But Marten Boekman was a good father. Though fish catches the past year had been poor, and Jan must join the fleet as soon as he finished grammar school, they always had enough to eat and wear, and their two-roomed cottage on the dyke, with blue shutters, window-boxes of hyacinths, footpath beds of tulips, was one of the bravest and prettiest homes in Vanveek.

So busy was Maarta with her sewing and thinking, she did not notice the approach of two gentlemen in foreign clothes, until the younger of the two spoke to her. Maarta rose quickly and curtsied.

"I am Jacob Van Holp of Amsterdam, a student at Oxford, England. This gentleman is one of my professors, and he is interested in your remarkable lavender tulips."

Maarta smiled. "My parents bought the bulbs at the kermis the first year they were married. We have never seen others like them, and my father likes them best of all."

The older gentleman was pointing excitedly and trying to make himself understood. "Professor Digby," said the young student, "is a famous botanist. He offers you two hundred guilders for a bulb." Maarta's eyes grew big. Such a sum would buy a new vest for father, or much wool for stockings, would go a long way toward a new fish-net, or it might be put aside toward the dream of which her father seldom spoke—the purchase of a motor boat. Silent Marten Boekman, as well as thirteen-year-old Jan, had his longings.

"I cannot sell a bulb without father's permission, and he will be gone ten days," she explained.

"That will do nicely," the interpreter said, after consulting the professor. "We will be passing this way again in a fortnight, then we will talk with your father."

When Jan returned from school, he agreed with Maarta that probably their father would not part with a bulb at any price. However, before ten days passed, they forgot the strangers. Two nights before they expected the fleet's return, the wind rose to a gale. Never before had a spring season known such

fury. Maarta and Jan could not sleep. They sat by the fireplace, Maarta knitting, Jan mending his *klompen* (wooden shoes). The driving rain was changing to sleet, unseasonable, devastating. Their thoughts were out on the cruel Zuider Zee. Suddenly above the storm came a thin, far cry. Maarta caught a stabbing breath. Jan turned white. "The dyke! A leak!"

With shaking hands Maarta lighted a lantern. Jan dragged the straw mattresses from their beds. It took all their strength to open the cottage door, and with their mattresses to battle against the storm. Villagers from all directions, similarly burdened, were beating their way to the dyke, to help keep out the angry sea with stones, mud, and best of all, with straw. When dawn came, the storm was over, the danger averted, and exhausted villages returned to their homes. But fear settled like a fog over Vanveek. Maarta and Jan haunted the dyke striving to glimpse the returning fleet. When word came that the Vollandam boats were in with the flag at half mast and two fishermen lost, foreboding filled every Vanveek home.

True to their promise, Professor Digby and Jacob Van Holp returned in a fortnight. With them was the professor's son. Briefly Maarta and Jan described the storm that destroyed the



Jan sat down on the doorstep and began to draw

window boxes and ruined the tulip beds. It would be impossible to distinguish the bulbs of the frilled tulip. "But this is a calamity," said the professor. "I hoped to buy a bulb, but I brought my son, an artist, that I might at least have drawings of the tulip to use with an important lecture."

Maarta smiled sadly. "We dare not think how great a calamity the storm has been." Jacob Van Holp looked into the tear-filled eyes, then across the dyke to the Zee. Quickly he explained to the others.

"My children," said the professor, "of course you cannot think of tulips when you are so anxious. I will correspond with your father about the bulb, for he will return. 'No news is good news,' we say in England."

Jan's heart warmed to the professor's sympathy. "*Mynheer*," he said, "could I make pictures of the tulip for you?"

The professor answered doubtfully. "I must have the peculiar structure of leaves and petals sufficiently accurate to show learned botanists."

Jan nodded gravely. "Maarta and I know every line and vein; we have watched them since we were babies." The artist son gave Jan a drawing pad and pencil, and the boy sat down on the doorstep. The visitors withdrew to look at the Zee from the dyke. Maarta shooed some of the village children from Jan's elbow. In a few moments the professor strolled back. "Jove!" he cried excitedly. "This is exactly what I want. Richard, come see this!"

The artist looked at Jan's drawings. There was a long, narrow leaf, with each notch and vein defined. On another paper was a ruffled petal. On still another a turban shaped blossom. "Have you studied?" Richard Digby asked the boy. Jan shook his head.

"I have work to do and no money to waste."

"Waste?" smiled the young artist. "Jan, will you make me a quick sketch of the tulip as you like best to think of it?"

In answer Jan bent again to the drawing-pad. In a few moments a sketch was finished, faulty but full of life. It showed Maarta in stiffly starched cap and quaintly full dress, bending over a frilled tulip. "Bravo!" cried the artist. "Jan —."

From the dyke came a cry; "A boat! The fleet!" Jan dashed the drawing to the ground, and he and Maarta ran, ran to the wharf. Hurrying villagers crowded in front of them. "Oh Jan," gasped Maarta, "the flag! Can you see it?" She pushed and struggled; he tugged and pulled. Then they saw it—God be praised!—fluttering from the tip-top of the mast.

So full of happiness were the days after their father's return, they almost forgot the professor and his companions. But one day Richard Digby sought Marten Boekman, and with the help of Jacob Van Holp talked to him of Jan. The fisherman listened carefully and answered slowly, "Out yonder in the storm I thought of my children. Maarta is a good girl and capable. Some day if God wills she will marry a good man. Jan, too, is good. Never does he disobey. But now he never laughs and sings as he used to. Sometimes I think he hates the sea and the fish, yet he says nothing. I wish him to be happy. I want to help him."

"We will help him together," said the artist.

All this was five years ago. Today Maarta is sewing again near the tulip-bed, but the shirt is not Jan's. It belongs to her husband, Professor Jacob Van Holp. In a little while Jan will arrive from the Rotterdam Art School, where he is a prize student. Fish-auctions in the last few years have brought good prices. Maarta has earned extra guilders selling the especially fine hyacinths which Professor Digby has taught her to raise. Jan has won money in various art contests. Marten Boekman's children promised long ago that when the new motorboat came, they would return to Vanveek to see it. A canal freighter brought it yesterday.



A Guide for Teachers

BY RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

The April News in the School

The Classroom Index

Art:

"Swans" (front cover), "The Storm That Brought Happiness," "The Amethyst Flask," "Cottontails"

Auditorium:

"The Peace Garden on the Border," "Two Days for Celebrations" (editorials), "International News," "American Juniors"

Citizenship:

"The Peace Garden on the Border," "Hermit Gets a New Shell," "International News," "American Juniors"

Composition:

"Something to Read"

Geography:

Albania—"The Program Picture" (editorials)

China—"River Children" ("Something to Read")

Holland—"The Storm That Brought Happiness"

Hungary—"The Good Master" ("Something to Read")

North America—"The Peace Garden on the Border"

South America—"Harvest Time in the Andes" (Peru), "Two Days for Celebrations" (editorials), "International News"

Health:

"International News," "American Juniors," "The Puffer Train" (toothbrushes in suitcases), "Hermit Gets a New Shell" (and observes the laws of cleanliness)

History:

United States—"The Amethyst Flask"

Nature Study:

"The Peace Garden on the Border," "Hermit Gets a New Shell"

Primary:

"Swans" (front cover), "The Tale of the Cottontails," "The Storm That Brought Happiness," "Hermit Gets a New Shell"

"The Puffer Train"—For this adorable story the author supplies the following note to teachers:

"In telling or playing this story, I frequently use names of children in the room and have them see from the train window objects the children can see from their schoolroom windows. The contents of the suitcase can be varied, too. The story can be elongated by having more stations with more of the children getting on at each station. A passenger car may be added. The engine has appealed to the children of kindergarten age."

Reading:

1. What important episodes of history did "The

Amethyst Flask" live through? 2. Arrange to watch or experiment with glass-blowing.

1. What happiness did the storm bring to Maarta and Jan? 2. Draw a picture of tulips and hyacinths, with a Dutch scene as background.

1. How did Antonia help with the harvest? 2. Compare her responsibilities with the home duties of American children in Colonial days.

1. What defenses have the United States and Canada erected to preserve peace between the two nations? 2. Do you think this would be a good plan for all neighboring countries?

1. What days in the spring are observed for the purpose of promoting world good will? 2. What is the special purpose of Pan American Day?

1. What time of year is harvest gathered? 2. Illustrate a calendar with harvest scenes from different countries.

1. How did Turkish rule influence customs in Albania? 2. What other nations have had influence on Albanian customs?

1. What did Jancsi teach Kate? 2. What more do you want to know about the story?

1. Why were Bing-hu, Me-wha and Dea-dea river children? 2. What in the review makes you want to read the book?

1. Describe one phase of the orange industry (history, growing, sorting, etc.). 2. Prepare an album on some local agricultural product or industry.

1. What did the passengers on "The Puffer Train" have in their suitcases? 2. Take a trip on a play train and tell what you see from the windows.

1. How do hermit crabs get their houses? 2. What do you think of Hermit's way of living?

1. Select three news notes appropriate to use in Pan American Day celebrations. 2. Play the Pan American Day game.

1. What activities reported this month are suggested in the PROGRAM for this year? 2. Find suggestions you can adapt to the needs of your own school.

Units of Study

Agriculture and Industry:

"The Amethyst Flask," "Harvest Time in the Andes," "California to Vermont"

Creative Expression; Leisure Time:

"The Amethyst Flask," "The Storm That Brought Happiness," "The Peace Garden on the Border," "Something to Read"

Home Life:

"Tale of the Cottontails," "The Storm That Brought Happiness," "Harvest Time in the Andes," "Hermit Gets a New Shell"

Transportation and Communication:

"The Puffer Train," "California to Vermont"

World Friendship, Third Grade

The third grade of Whiteford School, Atlanta, Georgia, went on world travels, looking up their Junior Red Cross friends along the way. An outline of their "itinerary" was sent in by their guide and teacher, Miss Dorothy Pomeroy:

Objectives:

1. To make the children world conscious, help them to feel that as part of a world community they must do their part in making the world a better community.
2. To show them that the Red Cross is no respecter of persons, but is willing at all times, under any circumstances, to help the distressed of any nation, and thus stands for worldwide friendship.
3. To teach them about the Red Cross work for safety in the home.
4. To show them that the Red Cross is dependent upon each one of them as it is they who make it what it is.
5. To bring the children into contact with the representatives of the Red Cross in Atlanta, and to let them take part in Red Cross Council meetings held in Atlanta.
6. To help them feel that the children of the world need their friendship.

Visitors:

Visitors talked on Africa, Scotland, and Holland. The Atlanta Junior Red Cross Secretary, Miss Wheeler, talked on the Junior Red Cross in foreign lands; other visitors included Dr. Willis A. Sutton, our superintendent and friend, and our supervisor, our principal, a member of the physical education department, and a local photographer.

Exhibit Tables:

Our exhibit tables had on display contributions from almost a dozen visitors and other friends.

Initiation of Project:

One day in the fall an older pupil, the school representative of the Junior Red Cross, came to our room to make her report on Red Cross membership and Christmas boxes. After she left, there was a general discussion on the following subjects:

1. Why should we join the Red Cross?
2. Where does the Red Cross send the boxes we fill?
3. What countries does the Red Cross help?
4. How is the money spent that we give to the Red Cross?
5. Does the Red Cross help in times of peace as well as war? If so, how?
6. Does the Red Cross want war?
7. Does the Red Cross help in times of earthquakes, storms, famines, floods and accidents? Why? How?
8. If so, does it always help every nationality?
9. How does the Red Cross help us in our homes? school? community?

A few days after this discussion, Miss Wheeler sent a letter to the school telling us more about the Christmas boxes and the safety campaign sponsored by the Red Cross. It was after hearing this letter one child suggested that Miss Wheeler come and tell us all about the Red Cross. So it was arranged that Miss Wheeler visit the classroom the following week.

Planning Our Activity:

In the meantime we organized a Red Cross Council in our room in order to discuss more thoroughly the

work of the Red Cross in many lands. Many countries were named where the Red Cross was known to carry on its work, but the children finally decided to study in detail the countries of Holland, Japan, and Africa. About this time, Sears-Roebuck had a doll exhibit showing the dolls of many lands. We visited this exhibit, thus gaining first-hand information as to the costumes of children of many lands. Soon after visiting the exhibit of dolls, Miss Wheeler came and talked to us, answering many of our questions and bringing many things to show us what had been received from Red Cross children all over the world. After her visit we discussed the best ways to show in our room what the Red Cross stands for and what it is doing everywhere.

Martha Jean said, "Let's build a Red Cross house."

So we planned to have a Red Cross house with three rooms in it, showing a Red Cross room in Africa, a room in a Holland home emphasizing safety in the home, and a toy room in Japan.

Development of the Activity:

Before we began building our Red Cross house we started a detailed study of Holland, Africa, and Japan. In our study of Holland we learned what their flag looked like from the World Book.

In this book there are the flags of all the nations. These flags fascinated the children so that they decided to make a flag for the important countries of the world. This meant more research work, for before a child was permitted to make a flag he had to know exactly how it looked. Some of the flags were not found in the World Book so this necessitated looking elsewhere. One child had remembered seeing some flags in a yellow magazine on the library table. Later this was found to be the *National Geographic*, so with the help of the World Book and the *National Geographic* we began making the flags of many lands. After making them they were placed as a frieze in front of the classroom for our visitors.

One day Martha Jean Poole brought from home a globe of the world and placed it on a table in the rear of the room. Thus the beginning of our exhibit table: for the children decided that they would see how many things we could get for our table that had come from all parts of the world.

The first thing placed upon it after the globe were the dolls and klompens that the fourth-grade teacher lent us. She had got them in her visit of Holland. One day, Mr. Bell of the Visual Education Department came and showed us some moving pictures on Holland and Safety in the Home.

About this time the Red Cross Christmas boxes were due in the Red Cross office. The day before they were collected the class had a Red Cross parade over the entire school, taking the flags we had made and all the articles brought in for the Red Cross box. The next day we were very happy to go to the Red Cross office with our arms loaded down with Red Cross boxes.

In our study of Africa we visited the Zoo at Grant Park, thus seeing the kinds of animals there that have come from Africa. We found that we are indebted to Africa for about one-half of the animals there. One day a friend came and talked to us about Africa,

as she had been there. While with us she showed us many things she had got there and when she left she kindly left us two albums, a lion's claw and ring from Africa, and a bracelet from Egypt. She promised to come back later and bring us a skin of a boa constrictor. So we now had many more things to place upon our exhibit table. Mr. Bell, of the Visual Education department, also showed us some moving pictures on Africa.

It was after we had seen six movies on Holland and Africa that we decided to make some pictures of our own. As we had talked of safety in the home, we planned to make our own slides on that.

By this time we had learned quite a bit about Holland and Africa, so we decided to begin working on our Red Cross house. Many problems arose, and the room was divided into the following committees to take care of these problems: *Building, Paint, Furniture, Sewing, Art, Equipment, Fireplace, Picture, Tile, Flag*. We have enjoyed working on our house.

Correlation:

1. *Reading*—Uncle Ben stories on Africa, Holland Switzerland, Hot Lands. The Sun-Bonnet Babies in Holland. Frank Buck in Africa. Stories were made of the excursions taken, the movies seen, the things our visitors told us, and these were put on charts. Mr. Sutton's weekly letters were brought in by the children and read by them. Captions on the movies were read. Signs were placed

under articles on the exhibit table, and these were read by the children to visitors. Words showing what the Red Cross stands for—Health, Safety, World Friendship, and Service—were put about the room to be read. Letters were written to our visitors thanking them for their kindness and the answers to these letters were read by the children. Stories, poems, and a Red Cross song were written by the children and placed in the November number of our school paper, the "Who-Do's." Oral reports were made on our Red Cross parade, visit to the Red Cross office, visit to a Red Cross Council meeting at Rich's, visit to the Zoo, Sears-Roebuck, and on the visits made by our guests.

2. *Word Study—Spelling*. A list of fifty words obtained from the children on their unit of work has been used as their spelling. We will continue to use these until the list is covered; then we hope to have many more words on Japan, Scotland, and Switzerland especially.

3. *Music*—A Junior Red Cross song was written by the class. Several appreciation records by Dutch, German composers.

4. *Art*—Study of pictures by Frans Hals, Joseph Israels, Rembrandt (Dutch artists). Chart of our Art Gallery showing pictures by Dutch, French, Italian, and American artists.

5. *Literature*—Poems on the Red Cross. Reading in the Red Cross magazines. Writing of original stories for our school paper, the "Who-Do's." Books on Africa, Holland, Japan.

6. *Civics*—Stories, charts, songs, pictures, talks by visitors, magazines on the Red Cross and our community, the world as the Red Cross's community, the safety campaign in our community and Holland, the Red Cross work room in Africa.

Developing Program Activities for April

County Rallies

THE TOPICS suggested for county rallies are in harmony with the Junior Red Cross Convention theme for this year: "Conscious Membership." If your Chapter is to have delegates, some of the specific questions outlined for the Convention, sent out in a letter to Junior Red Cross Chairmen, might well be used as a basis for county rally round tables. The discussion can thus be made a means of preparing delegates to take a constructive part in the Convention program.

One of the most obvious needs for training of delegates is practice in talking to a point. The tendency both with adults and Junior members is to give a comprehensive report on all the Junior Red Cross accomplishments for the year in their school. The attendance at Conventions has now grown so large that such reports have ceased to have value, and the present need is for constructive thinking and workable suggestions on the special problems raised, growing out of experience with Junior Red Cross in schools where there is an active program.

The suggestion that recommendations from the Rally be sent to headquarters offices (National, Mid-western, and Pacific) is made in good faith. The Junior Red Cross has attempted more than most organizations to make use of the thinking of members. As they develop in understanding of the problems, more and more weight will be given their recommendations. Let your more mature boys and girls feel their responsibility in shaping and developing their own program in "this changing world."

A county-wide gathering of Junior Red Cross rep-

resentatives was reported by the Junior Red Cross Chairman of Parkersburg, West Virginia, Miss Elizabeth Wolfe:

Seven thousand Junior Red Cross members in twenty-two schools in the Wood County Chapter celebrated their first anniversary of service by the organization of a city and county-wide Junior Red Cross Council. At this time, copies of their first attempt at a Junior Red Cross News Bulletin were distributed to every enrolled group. In this attractive News Bulletin the list of activities carried on during the past year was given. Such services as menu covers for the U. S. S. *West Virginia*, gifts on various holidays for the veterans, food, toys, and other gifts sent to local families on relief, brailled picture cards sent to the State School for the Blind, contributions made by each enrolled school to the Crippled Children's Hospital, table favors for the County Infirmary, the Children's Home for Mental Cases, day nurseries, gifts to the West Virginia Training School, international and intersectional exchanges made with other States and other countries—all of these activities were reported.

Perhaps one of the most interesting services during the year was the fact that the Central Junior High made a duplicate set of the flags of nations from the ones borrowed from National Headquarters. This set of flags is now frequently and cheerfully loaned to any enrolled groups which care to put on the pageant "Everybody's Flag," or in any way make use of the flags.

The Junior Red Cross organization in Parkersburg is sponsored by the Women's Club. The Junior Red Cross Chairman has coordinated the two service organizations in a most interesting way.

Plans were begun to send a delegate to the National Convention.

Election of Officers

If the election of officers for the Junior Red Cross Council is held in April, there will be time for outgoing officers to help incoming ones, and for the new

officers to take office in May, and be ready to start work in September.

In the Coltrane Grammar School of Concord, North Carolina, the pupils' unusual interest in election of Junior Red Cross officers for the coming year led the school to decide on teaching a concrete lesson in the duties of citizenship in this manner. Early in the week a nominating committee submitted the names of the nominees. Each pupil in the school was then called upon to register in a registration book kept open at certain times for the purpose, by regularly appointed registrars. Before being permitted to register, each pupil had to recite the Junior Red Cross statement of aims. At the assembly program preceding the election, campaign speeches were made by the managers for each candidate. Great interest was apparent throughout the day, in the outcome of the election. No pupil was permitted to vote without being duly registered and having his name checked off by election judges as he voted. The Australian ballot was used and real ballot booths were lent by the city.

Planning Vacation Service

Plans should be under way now for summer time service, and many of the gifts suggested on the PROGRAM page should be made up in advance. The Memphis, Tennessee, Chapter reported July fourth favors that other Juniors may enjoy making:

Clever little airplane favors were made by the Brunswick School for the Crippled Children's Hospital. These were fashioned of red striped stick candy, life savers, and sticks of chewing gum wrapped in silver paper. The little folks at this hospital must have felt like singing "On the Good Ship Lollipop" when this squadron of sweetness made a happy landing at their doorway.

A two-story, furnished doll house was given to the children at the Oakville Sanitarium by the Treadwell School, and brought joy and happiness especially to all the little girls.

World Good Will Day

The Memphis Chapter also reported a message from a school in Belgium that suggests some of the material for World Good Will Day that schools can find in the international correspondence albums they have received:

Yes, we believe like you, with all our hearts, with all our enthusiasm that World Peace is not a vain word, not a Utopia. Let us be pioneers of this peace, let us lay the foundations of a sort of Junior League of Nations. And one day will reign, serene and strong—Universal Brotherhood.

The Pacific Area Office prepared the following material for schools to use in connection with World Good Will Day. It is passed on here to member schools of all three areas because of its practical value:

Origin:

In June, 1923, under the auspices of the National Education Association of the United States, representatives of governments and educational associations from all over the world met in San Francisco, California, for the first World Conference on Education. There were thirty-one distinct linguistic groups and more than fifty different countries represented. The purpose of the conference was that the educators of various nations might help each

other to promote good will and mutual understanding through the schools. This meeting was not in itself a peace conference. It was rather the institution of a concerted educational plan of which peace must be the inevitable result.

Of the various things discussed and decided at this meeting, the two outstanding acts were, first: the organization of the World Federation of Education Associations, whose first Convention was held in 1925 in Edinburgh, Scotland.

The second important resolution was that May 18, which commemorates the first Hague Peace Conference (1899), be annually observed throughout the schools of the world as "Good Will Day," and instruction be given on that day on the ideals of justice and world friendship—Ethel Blair Jordan, *High School Service*, May, 1925.

Good Will Messages:

The country to initiate the plan of sending messages of good will and friendship around the world on Good Will Day was Wales. On May 18th, 1922, the school-children of Wales, through the Welsh League of Nations Union, sent a wireless message to the world as follows:

"We boys and girls of the Principality of Wales and Monmouthshire, greet with cheer the boys and girls of every other country under the sun. Will you, millions of you, join in our prayer that God will bless the efforts of the good men and women of every race and people who are doing their best to settle the old quarrels without fighting? Then there will be no need for any of us, as we grow older, to show our pride for the country in which we were born by going out to hate and to kill one another.

"Long live the League of Nations—the friend of every mother, the protector of every home and the guardian angel of the youth of the world."

This message, which is re-radiocast from country to country, round the world each year, goes out in Welsh, French, English, German and Esperanto, and year by year the children of other nations are adding to the chain of messages.

On May 18th, 1932, for example, the largest concert hall in Vienna, Austria, was filled with more than two thousand boys and girls who listened to the message from Wales and made their reply. A well-trained chorus from one of the schools sang songs of Denmark, Sweden, Finland, United States, England, France, Germany, Czechoslovakia, and Austria, each song in the language of its country.

Each year increasing numbers of schools in the United States arrange for local broadcasts of Good Will Messages, the students themselves often being given the privilege of reading them before the microphone.

Some schools make a practice of publishing in their local newspapers the best Good Will messages composed by the students.

Monuments to Good Will:

Good Will Day school programs may well include talks on monuments which have been erected, not to glorify victories won by war, but to exalt peaceful settlement of difficulties. A study of the Universal Postal Union and its interesting monument in Berne, Switzerland, is suggested. Others may be: the Christ of the Andes, the international bridge and the gate across the Canadian boundary, and the international park on the border between Czechoslovakia and Poland in the High Tatra mountain country, the peace garden between Canada and the United States (see this issue of the NEWS).

A Correction

In quoting a letter about Junior Red Cross service for government hospitals, in the JANUARY GUIDE FOR TEACHERS, Mrs. Margaret McCarthy's title should have been given as Field Director, American Red Cross, United States Naval Hospital, Chelsea, Massachusetts. Red Cross activities in Veterans' Administration Facilities are now confined to the services of volunteers.



Harvest Time in the Andes

ELIZABETH LINEBACK LEDIG

"**A**NTONIA, little one, wake up! The grain is waiting to be cut. If we are lazy now it may still stand in the field on San Juan's Day, then how can we make fires to the good Saint?" Señora Martina drew her bright woven scarf around her shoulders. Then placing a wee baby in a similar scarf she swung him to her back.

Little Antonia rubbed her eyes open, and climbing out of the blanket in which she had slept, she smiled up at the baby.

"Where are Pedro and Papa?" she asked as she pinned in place a scarf like her mother's.

"They are in the field cutting grain. Quickly drive out the bull and the sheep to graze in the field our neighbor cut yesterday," called the mother briskly. She blew on a tiny pile of smoking leaves under a blackened pot set up on three large stones. At last a flame appeared, and Antonia slipped nearer to warm her small brown hands and drink a cup of black coffee. Then she picked up her spindle from a bench and, twirling it between her fingers, drove the animals to pasture. She was soon joined by other children with sheep, cattle, and pigs.

The children decided to build houses. They drove the animals closer to an irrigating ditch and soon had piles of tiny mud bricks, or *adobes*, drying in the sunshine. While these baked, the girls spun and the boys made miniature stone fences to circle the little village which was to appear later. About noon the children sat down together, and from their scarfs took little parcels in which their lunch was tied.

They munched contentedly and then returned to their building. The adobes were made into little walls. There were no windows and there was only one low door to each dwelling. Pieces

of broken maguey leaves were laid across for beams and the roofs were thatched over with stiff pampas grasses. When completed, the village was a fair replica of the small thatched town in which the children lived.

About two o'clock a boy of some twelve years came out and called to Antonia, "I will stay with the sheep. The grain is cut and our little mother needs you in the field."

"Very well, Pedro," answered Antonia. "But please don't sit down on our city!"

SHE trotted across the sharp stones and stubble on her small bare feet which were almost as tough as an animal's paws. Where the wheat had stood the day before now there were rows of tiny bundles that her father and brother had cut with small hand sickles. Señora Martina was carefully gathering these little mounds and making them into large neat piles. Antonia had helped many times with the harvest and knew exactly what to do. She ran to the hut and from under her bed pile drew a large bundle of retama stems, which she had gathered and stripped the day before. With the bundle in her arms she drove out the two burros from a crude shelter beside the house, and returned to her mother.

Together they tied the grain bundles with the supple retama stems, and when they had two tremendous bundles so made they tied them with ropes to the backs of the burros. Then Antonia took off her scarf, and into it her mother laid another sheaf which she held in place until the little girl had knotted the corners firmly under her chin. Then, swinging her twirling spindle, the child trotted off behind the burros toward the threshing floor almost a mile away.

It was to be a community threshing, and great

mounds of grain were already on the smooth clay floor. Antonia drove her burros close to where her father stood with several other Indian farmers.

"Hurry, little daughter, these beasts are too lazy. You must bring two more loads before darkness," he said, unloading the grain. Then with a pat on the child's slender shoulders he



The horses were led on the grain and driven around on it

told her again to go quickly. But Indians do not move quickly in the high Peruvian Andes, and it was well after dark when the last load was taken off and the animals were tethered.

"You and Pedro will stay here tonight to watch our grain," the father told her. He gave each of the children a handful of dried corn, and said that their aunt, who was to keep up the watch fire, would give them some soup. Then he went back across the fields, leaving Pedro and Antonia delighted over the prospect of staying all night in the temporary straw hut built close to the threshing floor. The soup was thick and warming, and much to the children's joy their gourd bowls were filled twice. There was so much to make one want to stay awake; the dogs getting into continuous fights, the flying sparks from the fire that might ignite the wheat, men and women wandering by all night, and always stopping to talk and warm themselves. But at last the two black heads nodded low and the children slept unbrokenly until morning, though each was perfectly sure of having dozed off for only a few minutes.

By sunrise the threshing floor offered a busy picture. Five sturdy mountain horses had been brought in, and a dozen Indian farmers were there with their women, children, and dogs.

Pedro, proud in the dignity of his twelve years, worked side by side with his father, while Antonia joined a group of little girls who did a great deal of whispering and giggling, but little else.

The grain was mounded about three feet deep on the hard earth floor. Then the horses were led on it and driven round and round for about fifteen minutes. The men and boys cracked long raw-hide whips and yelled at the pounding animals in a high cry that rose at times almost to a shriek. Then the horses were driven off, and the men tossed the wheat, beginning at the center and working spirally to the edges. The two-pronged haying forks were of eucalyptus wood, made from a natural fork in the tree itself. When the pile was again a light fluffy mound the horses were once more run on, and this process was continued through the morning until all the kernels had all been beaten off the heads.

Now the weary horses were left to munch the straw while the workers ate their noon meal. From a large black pot a woman dished up *arroz con pato*, a savory combination of rice cooked with duck and seasoned with red pepper and herbs. The little girls passed glasses of *chica*, the native cider. After their meal everyone sat chewing coca leaves very much as some American farmers still chew tobacco.

As soon as a good stiff breeze had sprung up, the winnowing was begun. Antonia helped her mother tie *retama* stems into crude brooms. With their pitchforks the men carefully lifted off the hay which Señora Martina and the other women bound into bundles and loaded on the burros. Then the younger children like Antonia drove the animals home where older sisters unloaded the beasts. Meanwhile the men began tossing the grain from broad, flat wooden shovels. The chaff blew away in clouds, the kernels fell straight. Señora Martina kept the grain swept into a pile for the men to toss.

The earth was so hard-packed by generations of use that very little dirt was swept up with the wheat. About five o'clock the wind began to die down, so winnowing for the day was over, and the farmers filled large brown bags with the wheat. Antonia loved the soft colors woven into

these bags, which were made of coarse llama wool. Antonia loved all the bright woven things. Her little brown fingers spun carefully the sheep wool her mother put on her spindle. Aunt Julia had promised that she would teach her to weave when she was nine years old!

For two weeks the threshing continued. Every day some farmer brought his grain to the community floor and his neighbors helped with the work. Every day there was a great pot of food and everybody was gay, for the sun shone warm and the wind blew each afternoon.

Sometimes great clouds gathered over the white glacial peaks of Yanamischi to the northeast. Then the men worked quickly, the women and girls prayed the good San Juan to protect their harvest, and for each prayer they placed one stone above another until all around were little mounds of stones and pebbles. And the weather held clear. The moon grew from a slender crescent to a great ball of silver. At last came the twenty-third of June!

Pedro and Antonia were almost too excited to tend the sheep and cattle. Pedro had a new striped poncho; Antonia drew a brilliant new manta over her shoulders. Even the baby had a gay new crocheted cap. The crops had sold well in the market at Huancayo, and life was very worth living.

As soon as dusk crept down the steep mountain slopes and filled the quiet valley with mystery, lights began to appear everywhere. Pedro and Antonia bound straw into small bundles securely tied with retama and with an extra stem tied onto each one. Their father had made a great fire of broken straw, and Señora Martina brought out a big pottery jar two feet high filled with foaming *chica de mani* made with peanuts and cinnamon. Had not the blessed San Juan given them all a bountiful harvest? This was his holy eve; so all the Sierra was making holiday for him. There was no family too poor to build at least a tiny fire to the beloved saint, and the hills were spangled with lights. The home of Pedro and Antonia was a bit larger than most, so it had been chosen for a community celebration. Young men and girls gay in new broad-brimmed white hats and brilliant new skirts joined with old women and white-haired men to rejoice and make merry. When the moon

was riding high and the plateau almost like daytime, the young people stopped dancing, the harp and violin players put aside their instruments, and Antonia with Pedro's help brought to the fire the many, many bundles they had prepared. One of the young men seized a brand, thrust it into the fire and as soon as it caught, swung it in a widening ring until he could circle it over his head. Immediately other bundles were lighted and the boys and girls raced across the plateau to see which could run the farthest before his flaming halo fell to pieces.

Señora Martina saw the longing in Antonia's big dark eyes and carefully bound a small bunch of straw for the child. "There, little dark one," she said. "See if you can whirl the fire-brand, too, you who so patiently made them for the others."

Antonia trembled with excitement as she saw the dry straw kindle. She swung it slowly at first as she had seen Pedro swing his, then up and up until with a shout of delight she, too,



The men began tossing the grain from flat wooden shovels

ran across the fields with her glowing circle of flame.

The fire game, the dancing, the high weird singing continued all night. Antonia sat star-eyed watching. Now and then she added her voice to the music. Toward dawn her head kept falling against her mother's knee, and before the morning star rose, she had dropped into heavy sleep to dream of great pots of rice and roasted guinea pig, and to see again showers of golden sparks that seemed a part of the star-jeweled Andean sky.

The Peace Garden on the Border

FRANCES MARGARET FOX



SOMETHING beautiful has happened on the round earth that is new in the history of nations and of gardens. Near the geographical center of North America and half way between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, there has been established the first and only Peace Garden in the world.

In the beginning it was the dream of a

Canadian, Mr. Henry J. Moore. Through long study at Kew Gardens, in London, England, he had learned all about the names and ways of all the flowers that grow round the globe. He knew the history of his country, too. In 1814 two nations made this solemn agreement: "There shall be no warship on the Great Lakes between Canada and the United States, and the land boundary shall have neither fortress, soldier, nor guns."

One August day in 1929, at a meeting of the National Association of Gardeners at Toronto, which was attended by Canadians and Americans, Mr. Moore told his dream of a great garden to be planted somewhere on the imaginary line that divides Canada and the United States. This garden should be a living memorial of more than one hundred years of peace between the two countries. He explained that in time all nations might be represented in the International Peace Garden, by separate gardens of flowers, after the fashion of those of their own home lands.

For once in the history of conventions, all within sound of his voice agreed with the speaker with utmost enthusiasm. From that day, the National Association of Gardeners, all serving without pay, worked with Mr. Moore to make his dream come true. A book could be written about the hundreds of letters sent far and wide to those who might help with the Garden, and about the work that was done by the National Association of Gardeners during the next three

years, until its meeting at Asbury Park, New Jersey, in 1931.

Meantime a committee had visited all the sites that had been offered for the Peace Garden on the international boundary line. After consideration of the report of this committee, a place of hills and blue lakes, of trees and flowers and singing birds in the Turtle Mountains of Manitoba and North Dakota, was chosen as the site for the Garden of Peace. Not only is this a region of great natural beauty, and near the exact center of North America, but it is reached by good automobile roads. One of these is the highway which extends from Canada's far north, through to Mexico City, and will soon be finished all the way to the Panama Canal. Some day it may end at Cape Horn.

In the Peace Garden there are twenty-two hundred acres, nearly a square mile, with the boundary line in the center. Canada and the Province of Manitoba, the United States and North Dakota, gave the land.

In the site are wooded hills which rise to an elevation of twenty-five hundred feet above sea level. Deer, grouse, and other game abound in the hills. Some of the larger lakes teem with fish. There are many kinds of trees, shrubs, and small fruits. The soil is a rich mold, suitable for gardening. And as for birds, the first president of the International Peace Garden says: "In August the song-bird population exceeds that of any similar area on the North American continent."

The National Association of Gardeners turned over their authority to a newly formed organization called "International Peace Garden, Inc." On its board of directors are five citizens of the United States and four citizens of Canada.

On the fourteenth of July, 1932, less than a year after the meeting of the National Association of Gardeners at Asbury Park, the Peace Garden was dedicated.

On the boundary line, a cairn, the first monument or building of any kind in the Garden, was in its place, and fifty thousand people, the largest international gathering ever assembled in all North America, from Canada and the United States, and from around the British Empire, were there to dedicate the cairn and to read on the bronze tablet the inscription which spoke,

as a pledge, the ideal the Garden commemorates:

"To God in His Glory

We Two Nations do pledge ourselves

That as long as men shall live

We will not take up arms against one another."

Landscape artists are making plans for the Garden, and under Mr. Moore as superintendent, much work has been done with the help of a CCC camp. Now two hundred CCC boys are living in a permanent camp of twenty buildings, and are working every day to make the Garden grow. Roads are to be made, and trees are to be planted to border the highways.

A tree-lined highway separates into two parked lanes at the entry to the Garden. These lanes connect with a large circular area surrounding the Peace Fountain, in the center of which is to be a huge revolving globe. Within this space no vehicles will be allowed. There will be only walks, lanes, flower beds, and the fountain itself, the central figure of the plot. The circular fountain, with equal space in Canada and the United States, will be the ring of friendship between the two nations.

From the Peace Fountain north to the Canadian border of the Garden will be the "Avenue of the Provinces," ending with a flagstaff flying the flags of two countries. From the Peace Fountain south to the American border will be the "Avenue of the States," ending as at the north, with a flagstaff flying the same two flags.

Also in the Garden will be "The Avenue of Peace," which will lead visitors to the Court of Peace. And there, in the Court, half on Canadian soil and half on the soil of the United States, will be the tall Peace Tower. Last September, Mr. W. M. Smart, of Minot, North Dakota, speaking for America at the annual rededication service at the Peace Garden, said:

"Some day from the Kellogg-Briand peace tower, carillon bells over a great international radio network will broadcast the noble peace hymns of humanity."

And speaking of future plans, the time may come when there will be many interesting buildings in the Garden of Peace. Some countries are talking of establishing community centers in the Garden, in houses built like their own dwelling-places at home. Already the organization of the Sons of Norway in America and in Canada is discussing the erection of a typical

Norwegian home, a house encircled by porches, but of course on a large scale so that the building could be used as a community center for people of Scandinavian birth in the two countries.

It is said, also, that people of Scotland, at home, and those who are scattered around the world, are talking of building in the Garden a replica of some historic castle of their home land. Everything suggestive of Scotland and everything loved by the Scotch would be represented in the castle, including tartans and banners, harps and bagpipes, and favorite books.

All the nations building houses of their own in the Garden, would choose and plant their own flower borders. Canadian and American citizens who were born across the sea, may in time take their children to the Peace Garden, and in delightful surroundings, show them what the homes of their ancestors were like in Europe, Asia, Africa, or the islands of the oceans.

It is hoped that a great auditorium will be built in the Garden where thirty thousand people may gather under one roof for international conventions, and for singing festivals. In time, a museum may be established there, with paintings by great artists on the walls, and in the rooms, examples of everything that is most beautiful in the lives and stories of the people of the wide world.

The time may come when visiting children, camping perhaps in the Garden, will play the favorite games of all nations in a playground of

their own not too far from the Fountain of Peace. The playground should have a pavilion in the center for shelter on rainy days with everything in it of interest to children of many lands. A story-teller there might repeat for all children the best-loved stories from around the world—tales from all Europe, from Arabia, China, Japan, India, Mexico, South America.

The fact is that many nations already are interested in the Peace Garden and wish to have a part in it. The first to offer help was the Netherlands, wish-

ing to send tulips. Naturally Australia and other members of the British Commonwealth wish to do something for the Garden. Mexico not only offers to do her part in the first International Garden of Peace, but has expressed a hope that the world's second Garden of Peace shall be on the northern boundary line between Mexico and the United States.



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TWO DAYS FOR CELEBRATIONS

APRIL 14 is Pan American Day. Each year more schools in all the countries of the Western Hemisphere celebrate this day by expressions and demonstrations of friendliness and cooperation among the nations of the New World. The story of Antonia and harvest time in the high Andes on page 205 is a good one to tell on Pan American Day. So is the report of the Junior Red Cross celebration and the presentation of school correspondence albums at the big Red Cross Conference at Rio. The account of "The Peace Garden on the Border" is another appropriate feature for this day, and then there is the always thrilling story of the Christ of the Andes. Both these would be good to use as well in the celebration of World Good Will Day on May 18. For that day, too, we have for distribution the mimeographed "Pageant of World Good Will." This pageant was composed and first performed by Juniors of Washington School, Tulsa, Oklahoma. We had a notice about it and two pictures of stage sets from it in the November NEWS. The mimeographed copies may be had on application to the American Junior Red Cross, Washington, D. C., or to the area Red Cross offices at St. Louis or San Francisco.

The Pan American Union, Washington, D. C., has much fine material for the celebration of Pan American Day.

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THE TWELVE MONTHS OF HARVEST

SINCE the seasons are not the same all over the world, the harvest is not gathered at the same time in all countries. Thus each of the twelve months sees the reapers come with their scythes or their machines in the following countries:

January: Argentine and Chile, Australia and New Zealand; February: India; March: Upper Egypt; April: Lower Egypt, Syria, Asia Minor, Persia, Cuba, and Mexico; May: Part of the United States and South America, China, and Japan; June: Italy, the West of the United States; July: France, Austria, Hungary, the south of Russia, and a large part of Canada; August: Germany, Holland, Belgium, England, a small part of France, and Canada; September: Russia, Sweden, and Norway; October: Peru; November: South Africa; December: South Australia.

—German Junior Red Cross Magazine.

THE PROGRAM PICTURE

WHY does Libra wear Turkish trousers and bear an Italian name since she is an Albanian girl? History and geography are in the answer.

Five hundred years ago the Turks came into Albania and conquered the coastlands and the cities. But the mountains fought for the hill tribes, and they remained free in all except name.

In the cities, however, people learned to drink Turkish coffee and to eat Turkish delight. Women put on flowered trousers ruffled at the ankles, and slippers with pointed toes. They wore veils over their faces, and many bangles.

The houses were built of lath and plaster, with pretty balconies and latticed windows. In them the women lived like birds in cages. So now, though the Turks have gone, Libra winnows grain through a sieve, standing in the house door that leads into the garden. It is a closed garden with a high wall and a coping of tiles. Libra seldom goes into the street, and when she does she draws her veil halfway across her face.

As Libra clatters over the cobbles in her wooden clogs, she hears another language mingled with her own—Italian. In the shops, the market, the hotels and post offices, it is spoken and understood. No wonder, for Italy is a near neighbor, with only the narrow Adriatic Sea between her and Albania. Friendly boats pass in a night from Bari to Durazzo, from Valona to Brindisi, linking up the worn roads of both countries, where Roman legions once tramped their way from Rome to Constantinople, ages before the Turks were heard of.—A. M. U.

Something to Read

THE GOOD MASTER

Kate Seredy: The Viking Press: \$2.00
(Ages 9 to 12)

ON THE wide Hungarian plain was the ranch where Jancsi lived with his father. When a letter arrived saying that cousin Kate from Budapest would come for a visit, he was rather glad. Kate was supposed to be "delicate," and she had just had the measles, but anyway she was someone his own age. But when he saw Kate, it was an unpleasant surprise. Kate was skinny and had a scream like a tin whistle. On the way home she pushed him out of the wagon and made the horses run away.

Her father had said, "When she looks like an angel, she's contemplating something disastrous." But even though they were warned, no one could foresee the things that Kate would think of to do. She climbed up into the rafters and ate almost a winter's supply of sausages. She was always laughing at Jancsi because she said his pleated Hungarian trousers looked like skirts.

But when Jancsi taught her to ride, he had a chance to laugh at her. After a while Kate rode almost as well as Jancsi, and then they really began to have fun together. Kate persuaded her Uncle Márton to let them go with him when he rode out on the ranch. One time they went to see some of their sheep. The shepherd was a quiet man who carved beautiful things with his knife. He would not take any money for them, but only gave them away to people whom he liked. He gave Kate a necklace, and in return she showed him how to write his name, Pista, so that he could put it on the things he carved.

When harvest time came, Kate and Jancsi liked to watch the reapers. "Why do they leave those little clumps in the wheat, instead of cutting them?" asked Kate. Jancsi took her over to one and showed it to her. In the center was a partridge's nest. "Father told them to leave all the nests, so as not to hurt the birds," he explained. All the workmen called father "The Good Master."

When they went to round up the horses, even the old riders shook their heads at how well Kate and Jancsi handled them, and at the narrow escape they had, too. When the gypsies came, there was great excitement, for Kate had disappeared! But finally she was found.



RIVER CHILDREN

Mary Brewster Hollister: Dodd, Mead & Co.: \$1.75
(Ages 6 to 8)

BING-HU and his sister Me-wha and baby Dea-dea lived on the River Min in an amber-colored sampan, which they rowed back and forth across the river. They made their own living by carrying passengers, for their father and mother had died of the plague.

Of all the passengers, Me-wha liked best the beautiful Good-to-Love lady who talked to her about books. She told Me-wha the story of how people came to live on the water. A long time ago, when the Manchus conquered China, there were certain nobles and scholar-folk who refused to submit to them. And so it was decreed as punishment that neither they nor any of their descendants could live on the land again. Ever since that time they have lived on boats. Of course the law does not hold now, but many people still stay on the water.

One day the children took a holiday ashore, and they discovered a beautiful place near the river, where no one came. Me-wha followed a fern-covered path that curved upward and seemed to end in the center of a high rock. At the top was an arch over her head, with an opening through the rock. Beyond was a deserted house. There were still flowers in the stone courtyard with its round moon door and its oblong pool. They stayed there all day.

But back on the river Uncle and Aunt were cruel to them. They took Dea-dea away, then they tried to take Me-wha. Last of all, they wanted the amber-colored sampan. "If only we had a grandfather," sighed Me-wha. "We need some big-people, so that Aunt and Uncle cannot say we belong to them." Bing-hu made up his mind that they would not stand it any longer, and the three of them ran away. Then a miracle happened. The River Min brought them a grandfather!

After that there were many more adventures. But at last they tied their boat to the landing of the Good-to-Love lady, who lived in the house by the river.—C. E. W.

California to Vermont

LAST month we published the story of the maple sugar industry that Guilford School in Brattleboro, Vermont, sent to the Nordhoff Union Grammar School in Ojai, California. The Ojai school replied with a story of the orange industry. The California children had great fun preparing their album. They visited the Farm Bureau, packing plants, the ranches where oranges were first grown in their valley, and chambers of commerce in the neighborhood to get material. In return for the maple sirup and sugar sent by the Vermonters, they sent some marmalade and some orange confectionery. Here is part of the story in the Ojai album:



WE HOPED to have our orange project in Vermont at Thanksgiving, but the Ventura County Teachers' Institute wished to exhibit your maple sugar portfolio and our exchange that week.

Ojai is pronounced "o-hi." Our village is larger than yours. It is situated up in the mountains, sixteen miles from Ventura, which is on the Pacific Ocean. It seldom gets cold enough to freeze and we see snow only on the mountain crests surrounding the valley. In summer the warm days are perfect, the nights are always cool enough to enjoy sleep.

Those in the picture taken in the oldest orange grove are in the fifth grade, ten and eleven years old. The sixth grade is in the same room.

How we wish you and your teacher could join us in eating waffles with the maple sirup you sent us. We have kept it all this time until we could return the orange project to you. Please let us know just as soon as you receive it for there is always danger that something may be broken, and it seems so long to wait for returns.

Nuts, beans, and citrus products lead the county's activities. We thought you might enjoy knowing more about the production of oranges, so chose to send this account to you. We hope you may enjoy it as much as we have enjoyed preparing it.

In 1873, two small trees were given to Mrs. Tibbets of Riverside, California. They were sent to her by a friend, William Saunders of the

United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

These trees were navel orange trees. Mr. and Mrs. Tibbets had a very hard time to irrigate the little trees during the time when everything was dry and there was no rain. Mr. Tibbets irrigated the little trees with dish water and took good care of them.

One of these two trees planted by Mrs. Tibbets more than fifty years ago still produces fruit. It is surrounded by an iron fence to protect it.

There were other orange trees in California besides Mrs. Tibbets', but anyway the orange industry in our state starts with Mrs. Tibbets' trees.

In 1875, Mr. S. F. Buchanan, a teacher in the Ojai village, cleared two acres of his land to plant orange seedlings. He cleared the rocks, brush, and trees off the lot before and after school.

As there had never been any orange trees planted in the rocky soil of Ojai, everybody thought he was foolish. But as soon as he saw that his orange trees were growing well, he cleared more land. He planted as many as fifteen acres of seedlings.

There are about eight hundred acres of oranges in cultivation now. Last year three hundred and fifteen carloads of oranges were sent out of Ojai.

In our orange packing house we have three qualities of navels and valencias.

The orange tree is lovely at all times. It is an evergreen and is never bare.

The tree is rounded and has low branches. It grows to be from twenty to forty feet high and about twelve feet through its branches. Sometimes when the trees are too tall they are pruned, but there is little pruning done to an orange tree.

In the spring the small white blossoms come. They are very fragrant. Orange blossoms are the bride's favorite decoration. There is a story to explain this.

It is said that soon after the orange was introduced into Spain the king had an orange tree of which he was very proud. The French ambassador wanted a slip of this tree. He finally got one from the gardener's daughter. Her parents were so poor that they could not afford to give her a dowry, and so she thought she would never be able to marry the man she loved. The Frenchman paid her well for the orange slip. Then she was able to marry her lover. At the wedding she wore orange blossoms from the tree that had brought her happiness. The idea spread to the other countries of the world. Like all legends, this story may not be true, but we think it a pretty story.

As you know, in the summer months we do not have rain in California so our orange trees have to be irrigated. In olden days irrigating was very difficult. But now the orchards are irrigated more easily. The water sometimes comes from mountain streams and flows through cement ditches. From these ditches it is sent into the orchards and flows between the rows of trees. Irrigating is done about once a month from May to October or until the rains come in the fall.

When winter comes the trees are in danger of being damaged by the frost, during the cold nights. To prevent this, the groves are warmed by the oil heaters placed between the rows of trees. When the thermometer reaches the danger point, the heaters are lighted so the trees will be protected. This is called smudging.

The blossoms and fruit are easily injured. Sometimes the weather is so cold that a full-grown orange may be frozen.

When the oranges are brought to the packing house from the orchard, they are put on something like a big belt, and rolled to the wash tub. In that tub there is some kind of acid to wash them

with. They are scrubbed with a big brush roller. The water is very hot. This bath keeps the oranges from spoiling when they are shipped.

From the washing tubs they go to where they are dried. When they go there they fall to another big belt. This belt takes the oranges to where they are graded.

The grades are round sticks about fourteen inches long. At one end they are fat and the other end is thin. If the oranges are big they roll until they get to where the thin part is, then they fall to a big sink. But if they are little they roll as far as the thick part.

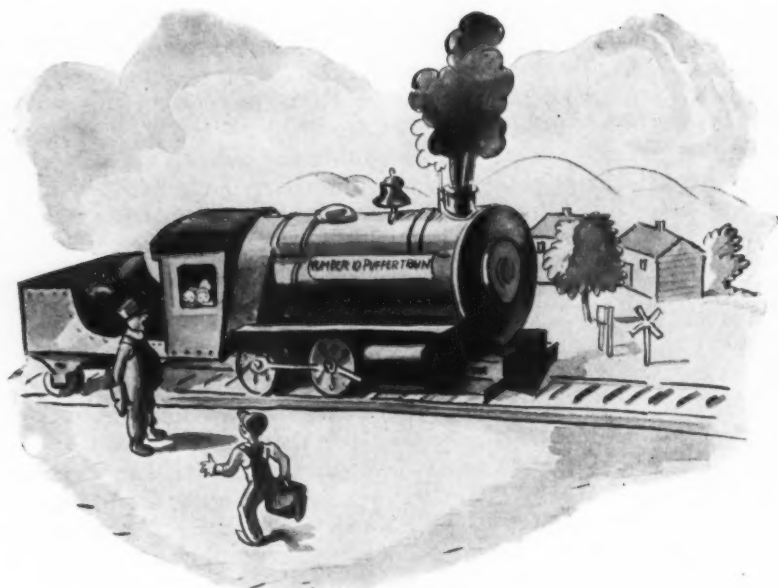
After they are graded, they are polished and then they have the name of the place where they are packed printed on them. The printing is done by machine. This machine has lots of little letters containing the name of the place where they are packed. The big oranges go in one line and the small oranges go in a separate line. When the oranges have been washed, polished, and stamped, they are wrapped in orange papers. Women are hired to pack the oranges in boxes.

The boxes are made by a machine. The machine nails all the boxes. It is interesting to see the labels being pasted. There is a long tray where the box ends are laid. The worker puts paste all over the ends. Then she lays the labels on the box ends. She pushes the boards and that makes them fall into a wooden box that has a board to press the box ends. After that she opens a little door in the box that lets the box end fall into her hands. Then she lays them on a long table.

The principal, teachers, and entire school join in sending greetings and best wishes. If anyone in your section visits California, please urge them to come and pay a visit to our school.



Burning smudges to protect an orchard from the frost. These are lard pail heaters burning low



"All aboard for Mandy Min!"

The Puffer Train

IRENE BENNETT NEEDHAM

Illustrations by Kurt Wiese

ONE day a very special red engine came puffing into the railroad station in a little town. "Number 10 Puffer Train" was written on the side of it. There were three little children looking out of the windows. Their names were Sally Ann, Eugene, and Richard.

"Choo, choo, choo," puffed the engine.

"Ding dong, ding dong" rang the noisy black bell. The train stopped. None of the children got off because they were all going to the next town or the next town.

"All aboard," shouted the engineer. "All aboard for Mandy Min."

A little boy climbed up the steps into the engine. His name was Charles. He wore blue overalls and a little red baseball cap. He carried a shiny black suitcase. When he had found a seat he opened his suitcase, and there were his toothbrush, his pajamas, and a red apple in tissue paper.

He said "Hello" to the other children, and they said "Hello" to him.

The train began to move. Round and round and round went the wheels, faster and faster.

"Choo, choo, choo" said the engine.

"Toot, toot, toot" shrieked the whistle.

"Ding, dong" rang the bell.

The children looked out of the window and they saw three black and white cows and a little calf. In the field they saw some lambs, and in the next field they saw some little black pigs.

The engineer said, "The next station is Mandy Min."

"Puff, puff, puff, puff," said the engine. The children sang,

"All aboard for Mandy Min,
All aboard for Mandy Min,
All aboard for Mandy Min,
We're going there right now."



The train stopped.

"All aboard," shouted the conductor. A little girl climbed up the steps of the train. Her name was Patricia. She found a seat near the window and then she opened her suitcase to see if everything was still there. There was a beautiful pear wrapped in tissue paper, a little nightgown, a handkerchief, and a toothbrush in a pink case. Everything was just as she had packed it.

The little girl smoothed out her pink dress and fluffed out her yellow curls. Charles and Eugene and Sally Ann and Richard all came over to say "hello" to her.

The train began to move. Round and round went the wheels, faster and faster and faster.

"Choo, choo" said the engine.

"Toot, toot" screeched the whistle.

"Ding, dong" rang the bell.

The little girl looked out the window.

She saw a little creek winding across a pasture and some farmer boys loading hay on a wagon.

She saw a great big black horse and a little brown Shetland pony. She heard the other children singing. She listened and she sang, too.

"All aboard for Bingle Bong
All aboard for Bingle Bong
All aboard for Bingle Bong
We're going there right now."

They had all been to see their grandmothers and now they were coming home.

The train went slower and slower because



The children sang

it was coming into Bingle Bong. "Puff, puff, puff—puff, puff" it said.

The train stopped.

There was Eugene's mother waiting for him.

There was Charles' mother waiting for him.

There was Patricia's mother waiting for her.

There was Sally's mother waiting for her.
There was Richard's mother waiting for him.

The mothers all seemed very glad to have their children back and the children looked

as if they were glad to be home. They climbed into their cars and went home for their lunches and their naps.

"Puff, puff" said the red engine, and it chugged off to the round house to be oiled.

Hermit Gets a New Shell

EDITH M. PATCH

Illustration by Carroll Lane Fenton

HERMIT was growing tired of his shell.

He had lived in this one all of three weeks, carrying it everywhere he went. Though he never traveled very far, he spent much of his time walking here and there under water that was not very deep. If, as sometimes happened, he got left on the shore by the tide, he rambled around in the first pool he came to. It did very well for a while.

Perhaps his body was feeling a bit squeezed as your foot does if your shoe is rather tight. Perhaps his shell had been scraped thin in places by being dragged over so many pebbles. Perhaps Hermit merely wanted a change.

However that may be, Hermit became interested when he saw a pretty moon-snail shell lying empty near him. He crawled up to it cautiously. He touched it with his antennae, or feelers. It was smooth and whole. Then he rolled it over and over with his claws until it rattled on the stones. Next he pushed his large claw into it, making sure that nothing already lived in the place he wanted to use as a home.

At last he began to move. Catching the shell with one claw, he pulled his body out of the old shell and stuck it tail first into the new one. For a moment he vanished inside. Then he came to the door and threw out

some sand that had drifted into the empty shell. He had to do that several times before the shell was perfectly clean. Then he settled the soft part of his body into the whorls of his new house, stretched his legs through the doorway, and began to walk.

Soon Hermit quickened his pace. He was actually running, bumping his shell on pebbles, and scrambling over bits of sea lettuce. He waved his antennae to and fro, and wriggled the tiny feet near his mouth. Hermit was excited. He sensed that there was good food near by. He could not see it. He could not smell as you can. But he could catch a taste of food even while he was some little distance away. So he hurried along on the four long, slender, jointed legs he used for traveling, in an attempt to reach the food in time.

At the very edge of Holiday Shore, Hermit found his picnic dinner. It was a clam served on a half-shell. A man, digging in the sand, had broken its shell with his sharp spade. He threw it into the shallow water so that animals might find it there and have a meal.

How they did rush to this feast! First some wriggling green worms arrived from a very near spot. They tore bits of meat from the clam with their sharp, hook-shaped jaws. They squirmed and pushed with their

many legs, trying to keep their greedy neighbors away.

Next came half a dozen little, rough snails that had been crawling rather near. They crowded in among the worms to get their share of clam meat. Then came the hungry Hermit in his new, smooth shell.

His table manners were all right for a hermit crab, but no one could call them polite. He pushed the snails and worms aside. With his largest claw he tore off a piece of meat that was much too large for his little mouth. Instead of getting out of the way of the other picnickers, he sat next the clam and tore his piece into strips small enough for his jaws to take care of.

He ate so very fast that his stomach was soon full. Yet he still held a piece of meat. It was quite too good to throw away. Holding it in the small legs near his mouth, he walked slowly into deeper water. Twice he stopped and tried to eat, but his mouth was so full he could not cram in another crumb. Finally he let the meat drop and sat down in the shade of a stone.

Hermit was careful to keep himself clean. Now that he had had a good meal, he took time for his toilet.

For almost an hour Hermit sat by the stone, cleaning his hard, spiny skin. He used his large right claw and then his left. He scraped and pulled tiny plants from his back and legs. He polished his long, jointed antennae and the two stalks that held his eyes.

Hermit was not wasting time when he worked so hard to get himself clean. If he had not pulled those tiny plants off, they would have grown into long streamers of seaweeds. Then they would have bothered him when he crawled, and would have prevented him from drawing back into his shell



Hermit tucked his body into the new, smooth shell and walked away

when something dangerous came near. It would have been hard for him to escape some creature that was hungry for crab meat.

When he was shiny and clean, Hermit felt ready for more vigorous exercise. A fight would do! He walked slowly about the bay until he met another hermit crab who was also eager to fight.

Hermit stopped and waved his claws. The other crab stopped and waved his. Then they ran toward each other, their shells rattling on the stones. They hit each other with their claws; pinched feelers and legs; pulled, rolled, and wrestled among the seaweeds. Once Hermit was on top, pulling at the other crab's legs. In a moment his opponent got a firm hold and threw him head-over-heels. Then Hermit pinched one of the other's eye stalks, and the crabs pulled apart to get new holds.

It was then that Hermit made his mistake. In backing off to get a new, fierce run, he rolled backward over a stone. The thump on his shell startled him so much that he did not guard against attack.

At once his opponent ran up, reached inside Hermit's shell house, caught one of his tender hind legs, and began to pull. After three or four jerks, Hermit let go his hold on his protecting shell, and was thrown out among the seaweeds.

Hermit was now in real danger. If one of his legs had been pulled off that would not have mattered too much. He could have grown a new one when he next shed his skin. But now the whole delicate part of his body was bare. If his thin, tender skin were injured, he probably would die. That was why it had been important for him to brush all the gritty sand out of the shell before he moved into it. And now he had lost that shell!

However, you need not worry about Hermit. The other crab did not try to hurt him. Instead, he turned his attention at once to the empty shell. He looked it over and felt it with his claws and antennae. Then he took a firm hold of it and with a few swift motions moved out of his own snail shell into Hermit's.

Why did he make this change? Nobody

knows. His own shell was just as good as the one he took away from Hermit. In fact, it was a better fit for he was larger than Hermit, and he looked very crowded indeed as he squeezed himself into Hermit's shell.

Do you suppose that when he had made his change, the crab left his deserted shell for Hermit? Well, he did not. That would have been a fair trade but it would not have been a crablike thing to do. You may recall that Hermit earlier in the day had taken more meat than he could eat and greedily carried it away. Just now the victor crab did not lose interest in his old shell, although he no longer needed it. He guarded this empty shell, waving his big claws fiercely when Hermit tried to get near it. Thus they sat for more than half an hour. Hermit hid his bare body in a crack between two rocks. Each time he reached for the empty shell, the other crab frightened him back.

While they were quarreling, a third crab came near, waving his claws in a signal to fight. Hermit's opponent ran to attack. Here was Hermit's chance. He came at once out of the crack and climbed into the empty shell for which he had waited so long.

What do you suppose he did then? Instead of slipping quietly away, he ran to the two quarreling crabs and began to take a hand in their fight! During this combat, no one was pulled from his shell. The fighters wrestled and tumbled about until suddenly one of them ran away. Then the others stopped struggling and walked off as if not a thing had happened.

As a matter of fact, nothing unusual had happened. Indeed, Hermit seemed to enjoy wrestling matches, and they were very common affairs. Perhaps fighting was his way of getting part of his daily exercise.

—From "Holiday Shore." By permission of The Macmillan Company, publishers.



Presenting the American albums at Rio de Janeiro

International News

AT THE third Pan American Red Cross Conference held in Rio de Janeiro last September, one of the most impressive ceremonies was held at the Municipal Theater.

Several thousand children of the Rio schools and members of the Junior Red Cross gathered in the theater to bring the greetings of Brazil to the representatives of the Red Cross Societies. They had also come to receive from these delegates albums sent by members in other lands.

On the stage where they were assembled, a long table had been arranged, behind which were seated the President of the Brazilian Red Cross, and the representatives of the Red Cross Societies which had sent albums. At the back of the stage was massed a choir composed of several hundred children, dressed in white and blue.

The ceremony opened with the singing of the Brazilian national anthem, while the audience stood. After addresses by the Director of the Argentine Junior Red Cross, and the Director of Primary Education for Rio, albums prepared by the Juniors of different countries for the school children of Brazil were presented.

The children then gave a most unusual vocal concert for the delegates. To the accompaniment of only a few softly beaten drums they sang folk songs and national airs of Brazil of extraordinary beauty. The execution was very fine, and the singers adapted themselves to the most

varied rhythms and melodies. All those who heard the singing said that it was an experience which they would always remember.

WHEN the central office of the Estonian J. R. C. asked the pupils of the secondary schools in Tallin to do what they could to give the children of the city a happy Easter, they decided to give them Easter eggs.

During the course of a single day these boys and girls brought two thousand eggs to the J. R. C. office, where they boiled and dyed them. The students at one school rounded out their gift of eggs with a gift of fifty-five parcels of food. Some very small children, too young to go to school, heard of the plan over the radio during "The Children's Hour," and came next day with their contribution of eggs.

As a result, the children of two hundred and sixty-eight needy families had a surprise gift of Easter eggs.

A LETTER, written in English, came in an album from Logstor, Denmark, to the Davis School in Greenwood, Mississippi:

I am going to tell you something about our country, Denmark, and our town, Logstor. As you will see from the map on the last page in the album, Denmark consists of the peninsula of Jutland and several islands. Denmark is but a little country with three million inhabitants. Some years ago we had the border moved a little to the

south. You may see both the old and the new boundary line on the map.

Logstor is a little town with a population of three thousand. The town has a fine situation in the north of Jutland by Limfjorden. There are two schools in Logstor. I visit the one which is called "the middle school." We have fifteen teachers; one of them is my father. I have studied English at school for nine months, but I like zoology and botany best. I have many playfellows and friends, but the best of all my friends is my dog Fick. I have drawn a picture of her in the album. She is a Boston-boxer. Sometimes she has pups and I sell them for twenty dollars apiece.

P. S. My father says that I have a dreadful handwriting.

JUNIOR members of the Sind provincial branch of the Indian Red Cross volunteered their services after the Quetta earthquake disaster. They were very helpful in contributing to the relief work.

PUPILS of a school in Brazil sent a message through the government of their country to school children of Paraguay and Bolivia. They said:

We, the children of José de Alencar School, address our sisters in Bolivia and Paraguay, asking that they intercede with their countries to bring it about that into the hearts of all South Americans may return the love of peace and brotherhood which form the highest aspirations of our time.

From our teachers we pupils have learned to love all

friendly neighboring peoples, strengthening cordial international relations and human sympathy, which should once again unite all the nations of the American continents.

We desire a civilization entirely based on love and justice. We desire, above all, that America may become one vast common home for all the American family.

We who express these wishes for a closer relationship between the countries, for the union of the peoples, for a good understanding between the nations, and for the exchange of culture, are confident that the children of Bolivia and Paraguay feel the same way.

The Brazilian children also told of a game that they had played in the school on April fourteenth, Pan American Day. Each pair of players, secretly chose the name of some American country. Then the player who was It tried to guess the names of the countries. If he had any difficulty, the others helped him by naming a product of the country they represented, or by giving a geographic or historical fact, or some characteristic. As soon as the name of their country was guessed, the players were given its flag, and marched around the one who was It. If there were still some that he could not guess, he called out "America is in danger!" and put the remaining flags in the center. The other players took their flags and joined in the march. When he called "America is at peace!" they all sat down as quickly as they could, and the one left standing was It.

FOR some time now the Chilean Junior Red Cross has been organizing, for public entertainment, weekly radio broadcasts. The program is composed of



Pupils of the Antera Mota School in Puerto Plata, the Dominican Republic, gave a pageant on Pan American Day



Estonian Juniors painting the Easter eggs they brought for needy families

a talk by a teacher on an instructive subject such as health, and a musical part performed by the Junior choirs of different schools. Last year the programs were given on Saturdays; this year they are given on Fridays at 3:30.

THIRTY-SIX girls and two teachers from the Kalmar group of the Swedish Junior Red

Cross visited the Danish Junior Red Cross. For four days that they spent in Denmark everything was done to show them as much as possible, and a demonstration of Junior Red Cross work was given for them one evening. After visiting the museums and castles of Copenhagen, they finished their trip with an excursion to Tivoli.

American Juniors

KINDERGARTEN children of Boston made a great many small Easter gifts for children in the hospitals there. They made oilcloth bunnies, miniature dolls' houses, little gardens, a merry-go-round, and a toy shop with shelves and counters laden with tiny toys, among other things. In one was this rhyme:

"We hope you'll like this box of toys;
We wish we could do more,
But most of us are only five,
While some are only four.

"We've tried to make the things just right;
With them our love we send.
We hope you'll soon be well and strong,
Dear little Easter friend."

Over two hundred boxes of toys were distributed in ten hospitals.

THE fifth and sixth grade Juniors of Dresser, Indiana, took a five-day-old boy named "Baby Jae" under their wing. First the boys and girls made a bassinet for him by painting an orange crate with ivory enamel. Then they

made for it a mattress, two sheets, a pillow, two pillow cases, a blanket, and a Red Cross quilt. The quilt was made of red and white squares, and the girls pieced and quilted it themselves.

At Easter time the class had an Easter bunny party. The mother brought Baby Jae to school, and the class gave him a pink wooly rabbit.

Before school closed, the children bought him a blue and white romper suit.

IN ALBUQUERQUE, New Mexico, the Juniors use a small local radio station to give an actual weekly broadcast. They estimate that nearly three thousand Juniors listen in over thirty or more radios which they and their teachers have brought to school.

The first fifteen minutes are taken up with classical music. Program notes on the music are distributed in the schools. The second fifteen minutes, some school puts on its own program. The entertainments have been held up to a very high standard, and have been well prepared. One week at Christmas time a parochial school gave a program of Christmas music. Between the various selections, a Junior member from



Juniors of Kaneohe, Oahu, in the Hawaiian Islands

the school taking part talks about the Junior Red Cross in his school, in the country, and in the world. One week this information was given in the form of a playlet, in which three members of the J. R. C. told another pupil about what they were doing, and persuaded him to join.

THE international broadcast on October 30 suggested to members in the Ralph Waldo Emerson School in Wilmar, California, a special "broadcast" for Armistice Day, which would be a good idea for World Good Will Day, May 18, as well. The announcer explained that since the day was a good one to send messages of good will, such messages had been prepared for sending over a "make-believe radio station RWE" to all the six continents on the globe. One after another, speakers were introduced and gave their addresses in best radio style. The speaker for North America spoke of the unarmed boundary and the long peace-record between Canada and the United States. She mentioned the special interest Californians have in Mexico.

The message to South America called attention to how much we would gain in intercourse with the countries there after completion of the new international highway.

"Many of your brothers and sisters have moved from the Orient to the states along our Pacific coast, and we have had the pleasure of attending school with them and have enjoyed their friendship," said the next message. "We have rejoiced in some of our inventions, such as the steamboat, the telegraph, and the radio, because they have allowed us to become better acquainted with you children away across the quiet, cool Pacific Ocean."

The greeting to Australia asked for better acquaintance through international correspon-

dence. The speaker to Africa said, "Last year we sent a Junior Red Cross album to a school in Cape Town in the Union of South Africa. If anyone from that school is listening, may I ask you a question: 'Did you like the book from Emerson School?'"

JUNIORS of the San Mateo, California, High School held a "tag week." Each student was asked to contribute as many pennies as represented the size of his or her shoe. When the contribution was made, the contributor was furnished with a tiny white tag in the shape of a shoe, to be worn during the remainder of the week.

The Juniors raised a considerable fund. This idea might be helpful in raising money to send a delegate to the Convention.

THIS letter came from the West Virginia State School for the Deaf and Blind to members of the Erie, Pennsylvania, Chapter:

On behalf of the children in my kindergarten class, I wish to thank you for the little brailled books which you so kindly sent to us. As yet most of the children are unable to read them; but they enjoyed looking at them and going through them, and finding words which they know.

We have told them the stories, and they have quite a lot of fun pretending that they are reading the stories themselves. It has really been a great incentive to the children in encouraging them to read.

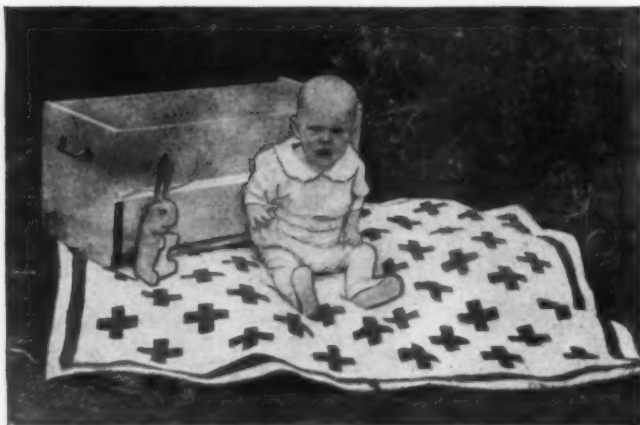
If you will kindly carry our words of thanks to the members of the Junior Red Cross and the children and teachers of the schools of Erie, we will greatly appreciate it.

AT EASTER TIME, Junior Red Cross members of Lima, Ohio, made cookies in the shape of rabbits, chickens, and ducks. They sent these to children receiving home teaching, and those who are confined to their homes because of tuberculosis.

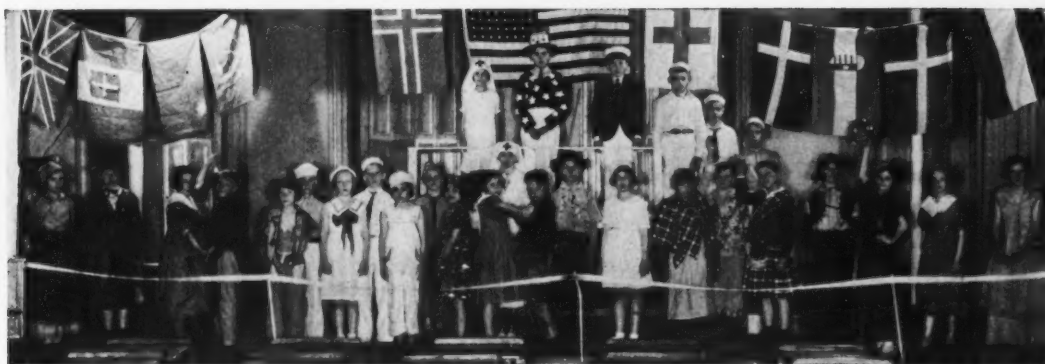
SCHOOLS in Chicago, Illinois, sent postcards to their correspondents in foreign countries bearing a Good Will Day greeting in their own languages.

Pupils of Theodore Roosevelt High School, Des Moines, Iowa, arranged an exchange of national flags and appropriate messages with schools in several countries, the messages and flags from the foreign schools being presented at a special Good Will Day program.

FROM the Onondaga Indian School, Nedrow, New York, a letter went to Miss Joseph's Private School, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands:



Baby Jae with his Red Cross quilt made by members of Drosser, Indiana



A scene from the play "The Cruise of The Red Cross Ship" given on Good Will Day by the members of the Thaddeus Stevens school in Indiana, Pennsylvania

We received your package Friday. The opening of it was an interesting and most exciting adventure. Each little packet contained a surprise. It was a revelation to us—the use that you had made of the tiny seeds, and of the lining of the bitter gourd.

We may tell you that Indians have made use of beads, bark, sweet grass, corn husks, and many things in nature, but it is the first time we have known of anyone making ornaments with seeds.

Please accept our sincere thanks, with the hope that we may hear from you again.

THE fourth grades of the Thaddeus Stevens School, in Indiana, Pennsylvania, decided to give "The Cruise of the Red Cross Ship," a play which had been made up by Juniors of Springfield, Massachusetts, and printed in the NEWS for last May. The performance was such a success that they had to give it twice, each time to an audience that crowded every seat in their room and stood around the walls.

The elementary and high schools of Newport, Kentucky, joined in giving a pageant for which they combined parts of two plays supplied by National Headquarters, "Knights and Ladies of the Great Adventure," and "The Gifts We Bring." Newport is not a very large town, yet the auditorium, which seats seventeen hundred, was almost filled for each of the three per-

formances—one for the elementary school, one for the high school, and one for all the townspeople who wanted to come.

JUNIORS of Riverton, Wyoming, have been having an active year in spite of sickness and epidemics. They have helped to make costumes and stage accessories for a recent operetta. This work was done after school, and has been a great help to the teacher in charge of the costumes. The Juniors voluntarily took money out of their Service Fund to buy argyrol and paper tissues to be used during a "pink eye" epidemic, for children who did not get proper care at home. About seventy-five cases a day for about two weeks were treated with this material, upon the doctor's advice.

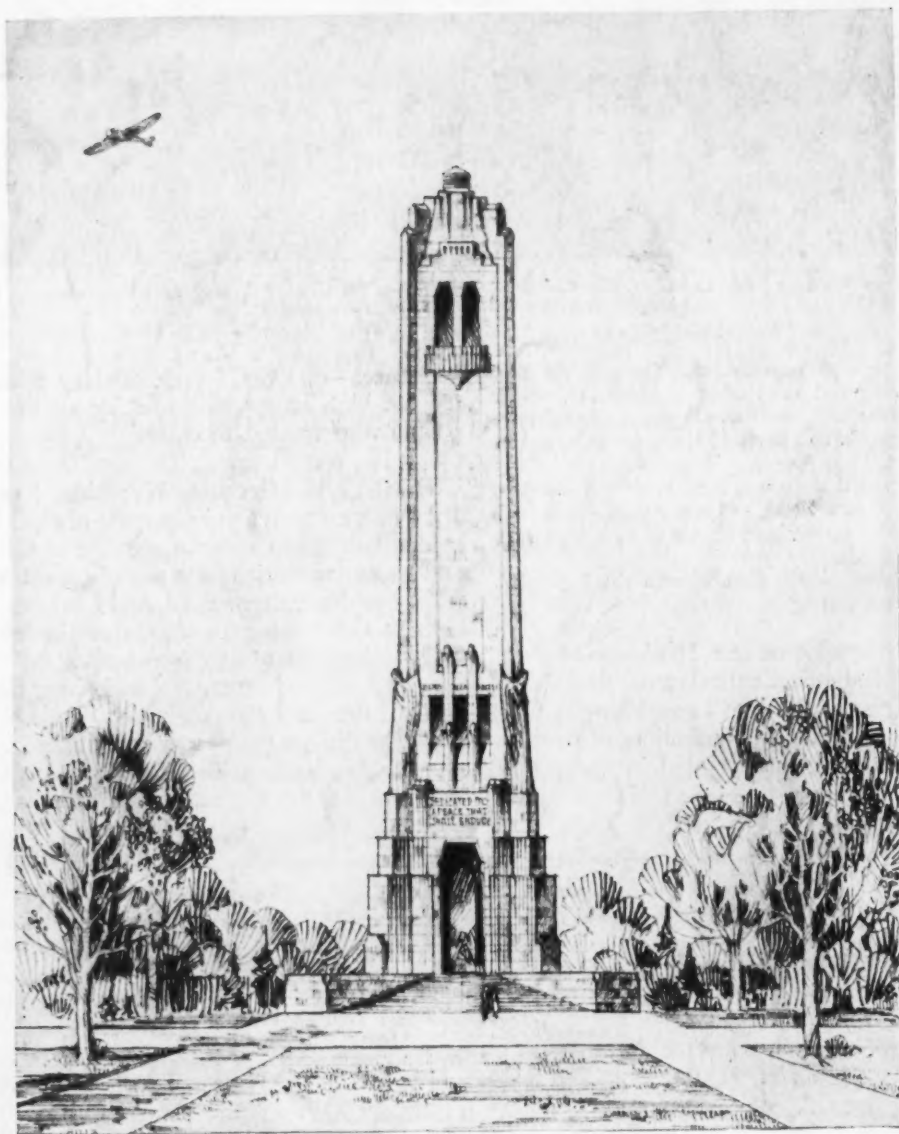
These Juniors started a candy booth where candy is sold each day. The profits will be used to buy an exhibit case for the school.

The members are also going over and mending all the old and worn books, taking one set at a time. This is a great saving to the school. They even wanted to buy the mending tape which they use out of their Service Fund, but the superintendent said that the school would furnish the tape and glue, and thanked them for the offer.

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The Peace Tower

This is an architect's drawing for the tower to be erected in the International Peace Garden on the boundary between Canada and the United States.

See page 208.

